

*H. G.*

AN  
ANSWER

TO THAT

HETEROGENEOUS LETTER,

ADDRESSED TO

Dr. WESSELS, of St. Mary Axe,

And subjoined to

THE PETITION OF THE UNBORN BABES.

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Dedicated to the Young Physicians,  
By Dr. M<sup>c</sup>G R I P E S, late Student under  
Dr. WESSELS.

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It is a Scab of the World to be Envious at Virtue.

MARC. AUREL.

Malice drinketh up the greatest Part of its own Poison.

SOCRATES.

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L O N D O N :  
Printed for J. SCOT, at the Black Swan in Paternoster-Row.  
MDCCLIX. [Price 6d.]

1759



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TO THE  
Very Worthy, very Gentle, and Learned  
Sons of ÆSCULAPIUS.

Most honoured young Gentlemen,

AS nothing but Decay of  
Learning, Piety, and  
wild Precept prevails in the  
Practice of Physic at this  
Time, and we see barba-  
rous, ignorant Sophisters dai-  
ly ascending the Seats of Emi-  
nence, I herein offer you Ad-  
vice, purchased at the Ex-

A 2      pence

## DEDICATION.

pence of Long-suffering and honourably Starving in the regular Road of Phyfic, which comfortable Situation I at present exist in : Let me therefore admonish you to fly those delusive, worn-out Road stiled Regularity ; they are the Foot-paths of the indolent, lazy, and nourished by the Idle and Careleſs, who ſeek not the Healths of Mankind, but filthy Lucre. Search with reſteleſs Zeal to improve the Art ; press each Drug and Simple ; forbear not the fiery Torture on each ſubtile Mineral prowl-ed from the Earth's fertile Womb ;

## DEDICATION.

Womb; the crawling Reptile and obscure Ichneumon, each have their Virtue and specific Powers, seek them out, and blush not at others jealous Envy, but publish your Discoveries of their wondrous Effects, and shew Mankind the strait Road to Health. Give me Permission to hope your favourable Acceptance of this short Reply to that unshaven, ill-favoured Author of The Letter to Dr. WESSELS, and by such Kindness you will glue me to your Interest, and my Brain shall ever be devoted to your Commands and everlasting Pro-

## DEDICATION.

Prosperity, hoping from my  
Advice ye will be enabled  
hereafter to buy Food, and  
get into Flesh, which is the  
predominant and ultimate  
Wish of,

Dear Friends and Students,

Your most indefatigable

Searcher of Nostrums,

Tipperary, in the 7th Month  
of the Summer Solstice.

PETER MC GRIPES.

A N  
A N S W E R

TO THAT

Heterogeneous Letter, &c.

Mr. LETTER WRITER,

I DID not think of ever filthifying my Pen by answering your paltry Performance; but the Cause of Justice ever will be a sufficient Motive for me to engage even the most pestiferous Foe. My worthy and honest Friend and Preceptor Dr. WESSELS, (to whom I am indebted for those sublime Precepts acquired under him in the Medical Art) shall never want a Champion in his Service, while Gratuity is esteemed commendable; and though my Sentiments may fall short

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of that Dignity due to his Merits, my Will is still the same. Good Sir, what but Starving Necessity could induce you to subjoin that soporiferous Letter to enforce the Sale of your elaborate Piece, The unborn Babes Petition? Could not that scabby Performance catch the Pence of the Public without a Sacrifice of private, inoffensive Character? Surely Wit is either at a low Ebb, or the Composition so egregiously dull, that nothing less than Scandal could cram it down. Scandal, we know, is the most saleable in these Times; yet hope they are not quite so degenerate, as to obliterate all those formerly esteemed Graces of Education, Manners, Reputation, &c. Sure there are Friends to Virtue still existing! Has Dr. WESSELS lost all his Learning, Skill, and Merit as a Physician, for publishing to the World a seasonable Relief for Disorders in Women, which his Brethren of the Faculty are so notoriously deficient in? Are those unhappy Persons to perish, because of the formal Sentence pronounced by well-perriwig'd Ignorance, in what is called the Regular Way, rather than embrace the Means of Recovery, in what they call Irregular? Let us balance the mighty Difference between those lofty Regulars and my injured Friend Dr. WESSELS, who, it is well known, received his first Rudiments in Physic

at

at the University at *Leyden*, finished his Studies under that most celebrated Mirror of his Time *Boerhaave* and the great Professor of Anatomy *Ruysch*; and after distinguishing himself as a Man of Learning and Abilities in *Physic*, was invited over to reside in *England*, since which he has been allowed (by even the most Envious) to be a Scholar, a judicious Physician, and an excellent Mathematician; Proofs of which he has given, not only in improving many *English* Physicians in the Science, but in a short Space of Time teaching the Physical Art to those of moderate Talents, who afterwards became the greatest Ornaments of the Profession, and by the *Caledonian* and *Flemish* Universities, as well as our Royal College of Physicians in *London*, have since been invited into their Communities, and received such Privileges, as their Skill, Learning, and Abilities only could have entitled or procured them, when the severest and most critical Examinations in Public could not find Pretence for rejecting them. Is this then the Man the Object of your Ridicule? His Talents to be thus vilely butchered for the Sale of a wretched Three-penny *Grub-street* Pamphlet? Are ye so irretrievably lost to all Sensations of Honour and Justice, as not to lament and grieve for what you have

done in attempting to dishonour a Man, who in the highest Degree deserves the Thanks of the Public in general and the Faculty in particular? Now for once be honest, though it is not your Custom to be so, and let us see wherein the Merits exceed in those Regulars, dignified for never finding out any Nostrum or Improvement whatever; I will grant you, to save Time, all you can pretend from their University Education, even passing the Forms in the College, what have you to say more? The Doctor is equipped with cloudy curling Wig, full-trimmed sable Suit, Cane, &c. and perhaps (if a courageous Adventurer) a Chariot too, which he drives ready to crack the Pavement at the first Out-set; the thin-sprinkling languid Fees usually slacken the Vigour of his Cattle in a short Time; his idle, long Visits at *Batson's*, *Child's*, the *Bedford*, *Smyrna*, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. loudly proclaim him both an idle and useless Member of the Commonwealth; and it might seem better for his own, and the poor Coachmaker's sake, that he applied those murdered Hours (if he has Genius or Abilities) to instructing others in *Latin*, or finding out Specifics and Improvements in the Systems of his Calling, retrenching thereby his superfluous, nonsensical Flashes of Expense, by which he may be afterwards justly intitled

intitled to that profound Respect and Notice from the Public, he would assume from those superficial and contemptible Finesse; otherwise it is a common Case for the Doctor to find the Chariot disagree with his Health, he does not sleep well, is advised to walk more, and at last obliged to lay it down, lest he should get in a **B A D W A Y**.—These Consequences are but too frequent and obvious. If we scrutinize farther into the intrinsic Merits of those grave Sawſ who have doubled the Point, and are gliding down the Stream of Prosperity, how little, how very deficient is their Skill in combating the common Diseases of the human Frame, how trivial their Attempts to parry off the Blow of Destruction, what but a Confidence (imposed through their awful Countenances and vain Trappings to catch the Vulgar) could inforce Credulity and implicit Dependance on their presumptuous Skill? Would they strip off those Robes of Ignorance, and take Reflection's cooling Purge, they could not deny their Nakedness. If we consider the important Gestures, consummate Pride and Arrogance, with all the Train of Self-sufficiency, can any one bleſt with Perspicuity behold such fanatic Triflers, but with Disdain? Is it necessary for a Physician to strut, vaunt, and, from

from an Air of omnipotent Wisdom, superciliously look above the rest of Mankind and those that give him Bread? Is the Man of Modesty, Plainness, and Sincerity of Heart, to be deemed ignorant, illiterate, and less significant in his Calling? Does his walking on Foot invalidate his Skill less than if he flashed in a Chariot? It is true, those *cringing Journeymen of Death the Bladder Squeezers* pay him less Respect, but the considerate Part of Mankind will esteem him more. In short, Sir, Physic now seems to be in a State of *racing and scampering*, and he is a fortunate Jockey, and must whip hard, who saves his Distance; Mankind has been so long regularly rid, that it appears, from the many gloomy, hungry Countenances in the Faculty, that the Nostrum Mongers have almost drove them out of the Field; and it is more than probable that many will incline rather to join them, than starve by their Regularity.

To give you only one single Instance: Do we not well remember a Doctor, now the most famous for curing Fevers, whose Learning, &c. is exemplified by his voluminous and ingenious Publications, yet could not get a decent Livelihood in that so-much-esteemed regular

regular Road of Practice, till he published his Successes wrought by his wonderful Specific: How instantaneously did the Hydra raise his speckled Crest against the new Discovery; how did those Lords of Physic spurn at, despise, and condemn the afore-mentioned Fever Doctor, and refused consulting with him on all Occasions! But, alas, how the Times are changed! now they bow low, and are rather fearful of his refusing them in his Turn. Have there not always been Professors of Nostrums? *e. gr.* Sir HANS SLOANE's *Ophtalmic*, JURIN's *Lixivium*, DAFFY's *Elixir*, HELVETIUS's *Styptic*, and fifty more, who were Physicians of the greatest Eminence; nay many who have set forth Arcanums for the particular Disorder we are contending for; that to prevent Miscarriages, see Dr. QUINCY's *New Dispensatory*, p. 587. *Abortion to prevent*; Dr. BATES, Physician to K. CHARLES II. mentions *Bals. five Spirit. Embryon.* which plainly appears is not (as you say) *made of Embrios*; likewise ALLEN's *Synopsis Tabulae Embryonum*. RIVERIUS, Doctor to the King of France, *ad Abortum precavendum*; ETTMULLER, *ad Abortum precavendum*; FARRAGO and HAMILTON, *contra Abortum*, and many more unnecessary to mention.

THERE.

THEREFORE it is evident, others as great as Mr. Letter Writer have thought Abortion is to be prevented by a timely and proper Treatment. But why cannot Doctors be contented with the Slaughter of their Patients without cutting one another's Throats; it is almost Suicide, when politically considered, we should rather strive to hide than expose our Weaknesses, which the World already sees too much of. Does not every Physician without Remorse quietly take his Fee, when called in to prevent a Miscarriage, and do not they prescribe with that Intention, if they can? Then why may not Dr. WESSELS (who has made this Disorder his particular Study for above forty Years) be supposed to have excelled the common Prescriptions in this Disease? and why should not he reap the Benefit of his Labours? This does not at the same time countenance every illiterate Mechanic to be encouraged for unheedingly making free with the Lives of People, who are weak enough to be imposed upon by their pretended, infallible Nostrums, of which this Kingdom at present swarms, to the Scandal of the Medical Art, and Reproach of those whose Province it is to detect such. These should be the proper Objects to suppress, not new

new Discoveries from the learned of their own Body; for if this should be authorized, what are Mankind to hope in future Times? Would it not be more eligible to make the curative Part your Study, than the lucrative? What is more absurd than the modern Consultations? How very seldom Good arises to the Sick from it, let us, for Example, take notice of a modern Consultation I was lately a Spectator of, which, through Curiosity, I immediately minuted down. You may suppose four Doctors and an Apothecary in a Parlour, just descended from the sick Room, after Pulse-feeling, Questioning, Nodding, Huming, Pot-peeping, &c.

*Present Doctors BLUBBER, POKY, CALF'S-HEAD, and SOLEMN, and Mr. SNIVEL the Apothecary.*

BLUBBER,

Well, Sar, what think you of the Cäse?

POKY.

Whoy, whoy, I dunno, I dunno.

CALF'S-HEAD.

She seems to be very bad.

SOLEMN.

'Tis a Lost Cäse,

C.

SNIVEL.

SNIVEL.

Suppose, Sir, [to POKY] we give the *Pul-vis è kulis?*

POKY.

Oy, oy.

SNIVEL.

And by way of Julep the *Aqua pura cum sacchar. alb. lympas duas?*

SOLEMN.

It don't signify what; it is a Lost Cafe.

BLUBBER.

Have you heard BOSCAWEN is arrived?

OMNES.

Is he? is he?

BLUBBER.

I saw a Letter to a Member of Parliament that was read To-day after Dinner at the *Mitre*, that says BRODERICK has fell in with the *Brest* Fleet, and were engaged when the Letter came away.

SNIVEL.

Pray, how many Ships of the Line has BRODERICK?

POKY.

What's that about BOSCAWEN?

BLUBBER.

You was asleep, Doctor: I was mentioning a Letter we had at the Society To-day.

Enter.

*Enter the sick Lady's Husband.*

HUSBAND.

Gentlemen, I hope you don't apprehend Danger?

SOLEMN.

Why, Sir, we cannot say—we cannot say; we shall see more To-morrow.

HUSBAND.

Gentlemen, I beg you'll let nothing be wanting; she is a valuable Woman.

BLUBBER.

Good Sar, there is no saying till we see the Effects of To-morrow; we hope the Medicines we shall order will relieve her.

HUSBAND.

I have been strongly advised to give her Dr. WESSELS Drops, which I should not incline to, were he not a regular Physician:—I hope no Affront to you, Gentlemen.

POKY.

Then you'll drop her out of the World.

HUSBAND.

Heaven forbid, Sir!

*Enter Mrs. Nurse.*

NURSE [to the Husband].

Pray, Sir, did you mention the Drops to the Doctors?

SOLEMN.

Woman, go out of the Room.

NURSE.

I hope, Gentlemen, I may speake without Defence; but indeed, and upon my Karracter, they cured Mrs. SPINDLE and Mrs. LOVE-IT, after they were both given over by severall great Doctors; and indeed, good Gentlemen, I took 'em myself, and went my Time out with my Boy *Charly*, and he is a fine Boy too: Dr. KRULY is my Doctor; he had a good golden Guinea of me: He is a fine Man, he gives his *Vice gracieus* at the Kimisters. I hope my speaking the Truth don't *disannul* any of you, good Gentlemen; for poor Folks may speake the Truth.

HUSBAND.

Nurse, withdraw.

NURSE.

I hope, Sir, you'll let her have the Drops?

[Exit.]

HUSBAND.

Gentlemen, I hope you'll excuse that silly Woman; she means well. I will leave you to consider the best for my Wife. [Exit.]

POKY.

Blood and 'Ounds, that Bitch will never rest till she brings in her damn'd Drops: I have

have been *dropt* out of several Patients by such Bitches.

CALF'S-HEAD.

Come, Gentlemen, let us sign the Prescription; I am to dine To-day with Dr. GRAPPLE-FEE: Will To-morrow Two o'Clock suit you to meet here again? [Omnes] Yes, yes. Mr. SNIVEL, pray ring the Bell.

*Enter Husband.*

BLUBBER.

Sar, we have considered the Case, and hope to find Madam better To-morrow; we shall be here at Two: Mr. SNIVEL will call in the Evening, and give us an Account if any material Alteration happens. Sar, your Sarvant, your Sarvant, your Sarvant, your Sarvant.

[Omnes exeunt, bowing and taking Fees.

SNIVEL *solus.*

Four Guineas for Fees, and not five Shillings Physic for poor SNIVEL! Damn these Fellows, I will recommend Dr. CRAMWELL; he always fills his Paper. Oh Physic! how art thou forsaken! no more I see those happy Times, when Physic ran impetuous down the willing Throats of fearful Patients; and *anti-quated* Maidens, vapour'd with Virginity, fancy'd Ills they never felt: With greedy Gawp the Pill, the Bolus, and refreshing Glister took

took their daily Course, bleffing the *Chriftmas* Bill with oft-repeated Folios.—Rarely do we now find a willing Gullet!

*Enter Husband abruptly.*

HUSBAND.

Well, Mr. SNIVEL, what do the Doctors think of my Wife?

SNIVEL.

We suppose, Sir, there is a kind of Difcrafy in the Blood, which contaminating the Juices, causes a Viscidity for want of Extravasation, and regurgitates upon the membranous and cellular Parts, as it were, Sir, by Deglutition, and obſtructs the perſpiral Organs adapted to their Relief, bringing on a Cacochymia, which, if not ſpeedily removed, may occaſion a Marafmus.

HUSBAND.

I hope, Sir, you endeavour then to keep off the Marafmus, which I ſuppoſe is ſomething terrible. You'll please to call in the Evening. Sir, your Servant. [Exeunt.

Thus ended the learned Consultation; and Nobody will be ſo uncivil, as to value it at leſs than four Guineas, as it was all in the regular Way; now if my ridiculed Friend had given a Bottle of his Drops, &c. and cured the

the Patient, he certainly must have been a rascally Fellow, because he cured her in the irregular Way.

If we open our Eyes, we shall see two Thirds of those regular Troops to consist of Porter-Mortar-beaters Apothecarised, Apothecaries Surgeonised, Surgeons Doctorised, Doctors Midwiferised, and indeed the whole of Doctor, Surgeon, 'Pothecary, Man-midwife, Chymist, &c. frequently centered under the spacious Wig of a grubbing, pettifogging 'Pothecary, who purges, flashes, gropes, poisons, &c. through the unmolested Sanction of Regularity, and thereby spunging, fleecing, frightening, and annihilating Souls before their appointed Times. As this is the undeniable present State of Physic, good Mr. *Letter Writer*, do not bear too hard upon my Friend Dr. WESSELS, who never was in the List of those afore-mentioned worthy Regulars, but suffer him to live and vend his Drops, till you can prove they are obnoxious or unsalutary for the Purposes he recommends them, or at least till any better Medicine distinguishes itself, or else some People may look upon you as a trifling (or what is sometimes called) a shitten Fellow,

Fellow, who durst not sign his Name to what he writes for fear of his Bones. Now, Sir, you may chew upon what I say; but if you please, you will find I am no running *Frenchman*; and should your Genius turn in Pen-fighting (which may be the safest for you) I must tell you, I have provided a few Reams, which are devoted to your Service, and shall not hire the Brains of *Grub-street* to assist me; for as I esteem Meaning to be sufficient and preferable to Elegance of Stile, I shall piss upon all Criticisms you may be pleased to bestow on the Inaccuracy of my Writing; and as to that gentle Son of *BELZEBUB*, Mr. *Critical Review*, he is very welcome to criticise, scrutinise, morale, or sacrifice any thing contained, or that may hereafter be contained, in any wise notwithstanding.

I SHALL now take my Leave of you, Mr. *Letter Writer* (though not in the *French Way*) because I will first give you a Hint and a little Advice; though you may be too corrupt perhaps to take it, as it is the Remark not only of myself, but those of reputed Judgment, that of all Professions, where Men pretend to polite Education, and call themselves Gentlemen, there is no one Set so remarkably distinguished

tinguished for mean, dirty, scandalous, and pitiful Behaviour to one another, as the whole Tribe of the Sons of Physic, where every trifling Opportunity is catch'd at to deprecate, expose, condemn, and injure Individuals; Lying, Whispering, Shrugging, and every base Art is made use of, openly or secretly, to hurt, falsely supposing the nefarious Practisers of such Abominations can thereby raise their own Credit by the Destruction of their Brother's. But what Conclusion will a sensible Man draw from it? why, that ye are all a Pack of *imposing*, fawning, cheating, starving, beggarly ——, who cannot live by your Calling, but are forced to do any dirty Work to get Bread, being like Locusts, ready to eat up one another; even the well-plumed Wig and furbished Chariot with languid Steeds, are not sufficient to hide the Distrusts and Farce that prevails among you, which serves in the End to throw Ridicule and Contempt on the whole Faculty, and that once divinely revered Profession Physic, and makes Mankind rather suffer the Pains and Inconveniences of ill Health, and be their own Directors, than have dealing with a Set of Men mistrusted in their Skill, Integrity, Humanity,

D

&amp;c.

Ec. Let me therefore advise you to consider the Premises, and for the future scour yourselves from the Filthiness of your Ways, that ye may recover your sinking Fame, and be like the Babes of Grace, cherishing, loving, and assisting one another. I recommend it with Tears in my Eyes, while I subscribe myself

*Your afflicted, grieved,*

*disconsolate Brother,*

P. M<sup>c</sup>GRIPES.